



Celebrating the Life of

Philip Edward Moriarty

12 April 1914 – 18 August 2012

Yale University  
Battell Chapel  
2 November 2012

*It Is The Way*

*I kneel this day, as I grieve for a dear friend.*

*I mourn with his family as they suffer their loss.*

*My time with many friends gave me so much.*

*Now I wonder what I gave.*

*My giving will be measured.*

*When how few or many mourn for me on this my day.*

*Hoping I will rest in peace,*

*And be thought of by those I leave behind,*

*To ponder the way I lived.*

*Phil Moriarty*

*4.29.06*

# Order of Service

Prelude ..... Andrew Schaeffer, Organist  
“Sheep May Safely Graze” – J.S. Bach (1685-1750)  
“Jesu Joy of Man Desiring” – J.S. Bach  
“Schmucke Dich, o liebe Seele” – J.S. Bach  
“Cortege et Litanie” – Marcel Dupre (1886-1971)

Opening Words ..... Reverend Eddie DeLeón, C.M.F., D. Min.  
Assistant Chaplain – St. Thomas Moore Chapel

Hymn ..... “Oh, God Our Help in Ages Past”  
Hymnal No. 205

Unison Reading ..... Psalm 23  
Selection 100 (in the hymnal)

Remembrances .....

Phil Moriarty  
Steve Clark  
John Lapides  
Cappy Pick  
Bonnie Kestner  
Phipps Moriarty  
Ellen Shafer  
Ed Bettendorf  
Jay Moriarty

Hymn ..... ”Now Thank We All Our God”  
Hymnal No. 35

Benediction ..... Reverend Eddie DeLeón

Unison Song ..... “Bright College Years”

Postlude ..... Andrew Schaeffer, Organist  
“Finale” from Organ Symphony No. 1 – Louis Vierne (1870-1937)

## Introduction

This booklet contains the remarks of the men and women who spoke at the Memorial Service for Phil Moriarty at Battell Chapel on the Old Campus of Yale University on November 2, 2012.

The front and back of the booklet, together with the inside front cover page (containing Phil's poetry), and the "Order of Service"—all were part of the original program at the Memorial. The balance of the booklet consists of each speaker's words during the service.<sup>1</sup>

In an effort to economize, we are making this booklet available in an e-packet for members and friends via a link on the Yale Swimming & Diving Association web page and other Yale e-venues. Each recipient may read or print it as they please. *N.B.* – If you print it, be sure to set your printer to "manual duplex" and print one side of the paper, then the other (or otherwise print double-sided as your equipment may allow), so as to produce the document in its intended booklet format. Then, after collating and folding the booklet in half, take it to your local print shop and ask to borrow their long-arm stapler!

Allow me please to thank everyone who spoke for providing his/her written material. The *copyright* remains with each author (although in a few cases, some minor edits have been made).

After the service, courtesy of Phil's family, the attendees enjoyed a pleasant reception and light lunch at The Graduate Club on Elm Street—which gave everyone an opportunity, one last time, together to "ponder" ... remember ... and celebrate Phil in a collegial spirit of gratitude and joy.

Ed Bettendorf '70

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<sup>1</sup> Yale President Richard C. Levin's 8/28/12 letter (facing page) to Phil's eldest son, Philip S.J. Moriarty, was read (by Philip) to the audience at the commencement of the service. Steve Clark '65 and Cappy Pick '71 were unable to attend, so their remarks were read, respectively, by Phil's daughter, Ellen Moriarty, and son, Richard Moriarty.

YALE UNIVERSITY

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

105 WALL STREET, PO BOX 208229  
NEW HAVEN CT 06520-8229

August 28, 2012

Mr. Philip S. J. Moriarty  
914 Harding Road  
Hinsdale, IL 60521-8440

Dear Phil:

It was with deep sadness that I learned of your father's death. After his rich and memorable life, I can only begin to imagine the great sense of loss you and your family must feel.

As you know, I was the fortunate recipient of your father's poetry for many years. It was always a pleasure to take a break in the day to read his latest works. I will sincerely miss these moments.

Your father was a remarkable man who had a profound impact on Yale University. His considerable record of athletic success at the University is a testament to his coaching skills. However, it is the near universal love that he received from his swimmers and students that is his deepest legacy. We are forever grateful for Phil's dedication to Yale and his commitment to community and mentoring.

On behalf of the entire Yale community, I extend to you and your family heartfelt condolences.

Sincerely yours,



Richard C. Levin

RCL:mg

## **Welcome**

*Philip S.J. Moriarty '62*

Good morning. Before I begin, I would personally like to thank a few people who have helped our family with today's arrangements: Tom Becket, Director of Athletics, and the following members of his team—Jennifer O'Neil, Steve Conn, Alison Cole, with special thanks to Lisa Mancini. Father Eddie, we are grateful to you for leading us in this celebration. Andrew Schaeffer, thank you for providing such beautiful organ accompaniment. Gale Ianone and her colleagues here at Battell. Thank you.

### **A Few Words About the Dad I Called Phil**

On behalf of my brother, Richard, sister, Ellen, and our family, please accept our deepest gratitude for your letters, notes, cards, emails and voice messages. Your expressions of condolence and love, and your presence here this morning, sustain us as we mourn our father's death.

As a very young boy hanging around the pools at Payne Whitney, I began calling my father, Phil. "Dad" just didn't get his attention. He always called me, Philip. Whether you call him Phil, teacher, coach, mentor, advisor or Dad, he touched each of us with a healthy combination of ego and humility.

His ego was honed as understudy to the legendary Robert John Herman Kiphuth. His humility was demonstrated each day of his life which he devoted to those of us in his charge. He wanted the best for each of us. A workout, a time, a meet, a course of study, a test, a relationship, a career. It was

not unusual for him to leave our family holiday dinner to head to one of the New York airports to bring a recruit or team member back to Yale and, of course, to our home.

Over these many years, Richard, Ellen and I shared our father with some of the finest people we are privileged to call friends. You will hear from some of them this morning. For sharing their memories today, we are very thankful. Phil's dedication to Yale and his teams may have been most difficult for our mother, Phyllis. They were completely devoted to each other. She was, as you may know, his elementary school sweetheart and she was totally dependent on him.

Armed with only a high school diploma, which by his own account did not come easily, Phil built his successful career in sport by pushing himself to set ever and ever higher goals. This is what he deftly did for each of us. He pushed: We achieved! In our successes, he took great pride.

Personal sacrifice and material sacrifice were part of Phil's core. Why else would he leave his wife and family to drive non-stop from New Haven to St. Louis each summer for over 30 years? The truth? To earn funds for his three children's educational benefits.

Phil insisted that he was not a stubborn man. "I'm determined," he would clarify. Part of his spirit drove him to overcome whatever physical deficits came his way as he aged. Even after losing his eyesight last year, he continued to ride his bike 4 to 5 miles each day. Of course it's not a bike, "It's a tricycle!" he would correct me. After being thrown off his trike by a car driven by "an old codger," his term, he gave up riding and took up walking. Counting every step, he knew

exactly how far he had gone and exactly where he was in his neighborhood.

It was difficult for Phil verbally to express his love for each of us; showing such emotions did not come easily. He did, however, express his true emotions beautifully in his 10 volumes of poetry written in his retirement years. As you may know, Phil donated all the proceeds from the sale of his books to the Yale Swimming & Diving Association. During my last trip to visit Phil in Florida on the occasion of his 98<sup>th</sup> birthday, he thanked me for all the years during which I ended our telephone conversations with the words, “I love you.” He gradually came to acknowledge those expressions of love with something like, “And right back at you and pass some of it along to Meredith.” On that birthday visit, my father told me how much he admired and respected all three of his children. He shared with me that he had now come to realize that I possessed both emotional and physical strengths. I had passed some sort of test in his view; some milestone. That last day I had prevented him from falling as we entered the eye doctor’s office.

On our last evening together, he said, “Philip, you have really grown up and I am really proud to now call YOU, Phil.”

### **Phil Moriarty—My Friend**

*Steve Clark ‘65*

Only a pulmonary embolism could prevent me from attending this November 2 Memorial for Phil—I know he would yell at me if I disobeyed the doctors. Come to think about it, he is probably up there yelling at me anyway to do something different.

We swimmers all need to thank Phil Jr., Richard, and Ellen for sharing their Dad with us. We, like you, were beneficiaries of his time, attention, and advice; and you often had to observe your father's goodness indirectly through swimmers goggles. For a little guy, there was a lot of him to go around.

He was my coach, a role model for hundreds of swimmers, and most importantly my friend over the past 45 years. My comments today will focus on our friendship.

Phil was a unique coach, the only one I know who coached Olympic gold medalists in both diving and swimming. He was inducted into the International Swimming Hall of Fame in 1980.

He was like a caring second father to me, and many other swimmers and divers. He was a mentor who helped guide us into making right decisions throughout our lives, even against self-interest. Honor, integrity and character were as important to him as swimming or diving skills.

Our friendship probably started the night of my final 100 yard freestyle race in the National AAU Championships at the fully packed Yale Exhibition Pool in 1965, when I told him that if I won, I would not accept a medal from anyone other than him. He always remembered that.

When I burned out trying to be a "big-time lawyer" in 1990, he tried to help me find my way by contacting as many former Yale swimmers as he knew in the law business. When I became a "small town lawyer" in rural Lake County, California, for six years, we both acknowledged that as an

improvement; and he came out from Florida to visit and coach me and my buddies for Masters competitions.

He always held out hope that I could at least occasionally beat my best friend and fellow Yale Tim Garton at a Masters competition—from 1975 through 2012—although I never did. He wanted me to train harder, but my aim was to catch Garton in a down year or infirmity or illness—which never happened.

As our friendship grew over the last 25 years, Phil always had a twinkle in his eye, a smile on his lips, and an insulting comment aimed my way. Even over the telephone, we just couldn't help exchanging insults. As he grew harder of hearing, we each had to yell our insults louder and repetitiously. Always with a laugh.

He never stopped using his brain—like parking with his cat next to a local bank's indestructible vault during hurricanes, because shelters wouldn't take cats. He became a philosopher of sorts, writing his daily thoughts and observations in open verse—some whimsical, some profound, and some “not so good” in his own words. He self-published those in at least 10 books, variously described as Moriarty's “Splashes” and he generously donated all proceeds to Yale Swimming—about \$20,000. He loved Yale.

Phil loved staying in touch with his old swimming and diving contacts, and at age 95 abruptly decided to visit China with a group of former divers and diving officials. He remembered swimming and diving results—especially the ones where his swimmers pulled an upset—like the two Stanford dual meets in 1969 and 1970.

He stayed up to date on swimming techniques. Even this last year, he wanted to ask International Swimming Hall of Fame swimmer and Olympic gold medalist Jeff Farrell to test his theory about finishing a freestyle race “long” by lowering the shoulder and stretching the arm an extra few inches. Why not ask me to test that theory—I asked in my most annoyed voice—and he just smiled his twinkly, wicked smile, and said I was too slow.

He practiced what he preached. He never stopped exercising, despite his age and increasing frailty. At age 97, he was still enthusiastically riding his blue, three wheeled bike 4 miles a day on his measured route around Spanish Lakes in Ft. Pierce, Florida—delighted to race his slower walking companions—until he crashed into a neighbor’s car. He claimed the car crashed into him, of course.

In April of this year at age 98, when Betsy and I visited—although he was mostly blind and hard of hearing—he walked each day (with my GPS-like assistance) 100 yards from his house to the end of his street Vista De Laguna and back, counting the steps each way. With each of us yelling at each other like the two old buzzards we were. And, during that visit, we laughed together with Bob Blattner out in California by phone as we went over the details of his final Yale/Harvard swimming meet triumph in 1976.

Phil was fun to just hang around with. His non-swimming friends and longtime neighbors at Spanish Lakes always used to end each day gathered at his house for stories and laughter. He loved to tease, like starting a conversation in the middle of your (or my) back swing.

He was proud to say—and said it often—that he was “the oldest living Irishman to have never had a drink.” I admired him for that.

In summary, of all the people I have known in my life, I am most sure about Phil being in positive not negative territory right now. No doubt I will need his good references if I am ever allowed to approach those Pearly Gates. And I just know that he is going to hassle and yell at me—before those gates will open even an inch. Just as it should be.

## **Phil Moriarty Remembrance**

*John Lapides '72*

Phil was a coach, mentor, and friend to me. I grew up in the Yale swimming program, first swimming in Yale Carnivals and also attending Yale meets with my Dad in the 1960's.

Phil was a natural born coach and what distinguished him was that he really cared about each swimmer, not just as an athlete but as a person.

Perhaps Phil's first coaching experience was when he befriended a young paraplegic, helping him to learn baseball even with this friend's many physical limitations. Most people shied away from this boy, but Phil “took him everywhere.” He even had Harry stand up to bat with his crutches, and Phil would run for him after he hit the ball.

When Phil was 12, he rescued a neighborhood girl who had fallen through the ice while skating. Phil unhesitatingly jumped in the water and pulled her to safety, later running home in his soaked clothes, still wearing his skates.

Phil didn't start out as a coach. He stated out as a diver. In 1931, he won the Connecticut State High School Championship as a junior and was runner-up his senior year. It was amazing for me to see photos of Phil as a young diver, because I never saw him in a pool. You can see these photos at the reception at the Graduate Club.

Phil attended Hillhouse High School and his team happened to train at Yale's Carnegie Pool, which was located where Trumbull College now stands. After practice, Phil would hang around the Carnegie Pool and help Harry Burke, who managed the pool and later would become the freshman coach. After high school graduation in 1932, Phil accepted a job at the newly opened Payne Whitney Gym assisting Harry at the Practice Pool.

Phil's talent as a diving tutor came naturally. He understood the mechanics of diving and could communicate clearly and bond with his divers. In 1935, twenty-one year old Phil was invited by three Yale divers to coach them at the National Championships at Ohio State. In 1939, he was named Assistant to Yale head coach, Bib Kiphuth. Phil's coaching produced the 1942 one meter national AAU champion in Yale's Jim Cooke. During WWII, he served the country by teaching enlisted Naval ROTC recruits at Yale to swim as part of the war effort.

Phil demonstrated his greatness early. At 38, he coached Olympic diver and Gold Medalist Skippy Browning in the 1952 Helsinki Games. That success earned him the prestigious Cady Award given by the Professional Diving Coaches Association for coaching an Olympic Gold Medalist (the award is now in the Kiphuth Trophy Room). This success

in turn led to Phil's being named the U.S. Diving Coach for the 1960 Rome Olympics.

Phil told me that when Skippy called him in June of 1952 and asked to train with Phil in St. Louis, Phil, thinking more about Skippy than himself, told Skippy that the pool was too shallow and board not long enough and that an Olympic hopeful deserved better facilities. Skippy insisted and the rest is history.

Less well known is that when Bob Kiphuth had a heart attack in 1950, Phil became interim head coach. When Bob recuperated in the spring, Captain Ray Reid '51, went to Bob and told him that Phil had coached them this far and that he should be allowed to finish the season. In his wisdom, Bob agreed. Phil's team did well at NCAA's and won the National AAU Championship. Fittingly, it was Phil who would be selected as Head Coach upon Kiphuth's retirement in 1959.

Phil was inclusive throughout his life. As a coach, Phil looked out, not just for champions, he also welcomed lesser swimmers, often walk-ons, to the Varsity program.

One example is Phil's 400 free relays in the 1960's. He often made it possible for walk-ons to win Varsity letters by placing them on relay teams with some of the greatest Olympic sprinters of their time, including Olympians Steve Clark, Mike Austin, Ed Townsend and Don Schollander. By design, Phil would plan to have the last swimmer, the anchor, make up as much as a half a pool length in order to win.

Phil had his favorite swimmers, but he didn't play favorites. Although he coached 18 Olympians, he always paid attention to each member of the team, strategizing individually

with each swimmer as to when to peak so that each achieved his or her personal best.

He embraced co-education when women were admitted to Yale. When Charlise Brown '76 wanted to dive he found a place for her—on the Men's team, where she competed as a Varsity team member. Similarly, Phil welcomed Bonnie Jackson Kestner to train with the Men's team. Bonnie, Class of 1974, later became the first Yale Woman's Captain.

For Phil it was about winning, but not only about winning. And it was about more than his coaching swimming: It was about developing the total person and about including everyone as a part of the team. Long before Title IX, Phil set the tone for the Yale Swimming Association: Two teams, one program, shared resources.

He was collaborative in his style and always a good listener. His style led him to seek advice on line-ups from the team and that style brought us victory against nationally ranked Stanford in 1969.

Phil also authored two well received books, the first on springboard diving; the second on swimming for beginners. [*Springboard Diving*, and *Father and Son Swimming Book (and for Mother and Daughter, Too!)*] Late in life, he published 10 books of writings, contributing all the proceeds to Yale Swimming and Diving. He supported the Program, always.

Phil was a great athlete and he was a competitive and persistent perfectionist. He had a 6 handicap in golf, could drive 220 yards and nearly shot his age when 75, shooting a 77, which he was very proud of. (He complained to me of

bogeying the last hole.) When he was in his 80's and I was in my 40's, he challenged me to a set of tennis! He loved squash and played hardball, too.

In his late 70's, Phil shaved down for three swimming races, which he won. He told me he had always instructed his swimmers to shave for races and he wanted to see what it was like.

Twenty years ago in an interview Phil said to me [paraphrased]:

*Well, when I walked into Payne Whitney as a youngster and saw the Exhibition Pool and it was just a hole there, no tile, no water, or anything in it, I sat up there and said this is where I want to live, this is where I want my career to be.*

*I go in there now and I see it and I'm happy with what I accomplished there and I want to again sit in the top row of the new pool and get the same thrill I had those many, many years ago.*

*That's where it is. That would bring a tear to my eye. Also tears right now. And I want to see it in my lifetime.*

Phil didn't make it to see his dream of a new Yale pool fulfilled. But he knew before he died that his dream was on the road to becoming a reality.

Phil touched many lives at Yale. And for all of us who were touched by him, we are better men and women for it. I

feel lucky to have been one of Phil's swimmers and his friend. I loved Phil and will miss him always.

## **Note About Phil**

*Cappy Pick '71*

Very few people have influenced my life as much as Phil. I can't describe in a short note even a fraction of what this man taught me and inspired me to do. One of the most impressive things he did every day during practice was to make me feel like I was the most important guy in the pool in spite of the fact that many of my teammates were world record holders, Olympians, and NCAA champions. Phil engaged me after every swim repeat, offering stroke or pacing advice, challenging me to do the next one faster, or just asking me what my favorite pizza was in town. He made it seem like he hoped Don Schollander or John Nelson weren't in my way.

I'm happy to say that I have nothing but good memories of Phil. I saw him a few months ago, and even though he was losing his sight and hearing, he was sharp as a tack, remembering and sharing encyclopaedic details of swimming history. We talked about a series of funny incidents that occurred during my college days and laughed so hard we cried.

I talked to Phil often and visited him when I could as he went from being my swim coach to my life and leadership coach. He would always send me a pre-release of one of his books wanting my opinion, or call to discuss any number of things. I felt like an important part of his life and I know he made many others feel the same way. Twenty years ago he called me out of the blue and asked, "Do you think a computer could be programmed so you could talk into a phone in English

and someone on the other end would hear what you had to say in Chinese?”

“They’re already working on it,” I told him.

“Darn,” he replied. I was going to patent it.”

I’ll miss those calls.

## **Thoughts About Phil**

*Bonnie Kestner '74*

Thank you to Ellen Moriarty for extending the invitation to share a few thoughts with you this morning.

I am Bonnie Kestner, known to some as Bonnie Jackson, Yale College Class of 1974 and the first Yale Women’s Varsity Swimming Captain.

Before I begin with my reminiscences, I would like to share an e-mail I received just before I left to come here from Brian Wynn, a former Yale swimmer:

From Brian Wynn ’73:

I have about a dozen moments in my life that are etched on my psyche. Two involve Phil. I was never more than a third-lane member of the team and only swam in about 4 meets for the Varsity, but Phil never made me feel anything but part of the team. In Sophomore year, I had not yet told him, after land training was done in November, that I had decided not to swim; he found me one day after water polo in the dressing room, took me aside and told me he was surprised and genuinely

wanted to see what I had to offer. Wow. I swam. Phil kept trying to fit me in at a distance or a stroke that would work. In the Harvard meet that year, I swam the third lane beside Hutch and Pete Lawler for the 200 Breast. I bombed, totally over psyched; 5 or 6 seconds ahead of me there had been a thrilling finish. That race is one of the final ones and the meet was coming down to the wire; Phil still took a minute to stop and talk to me after that race in the shower as he ran through putting together relays.

As for my experiences with Phil, I have many memories of him as a coach and ardent supporter of Yale Swimming and Diving, but most of all as a very caring man. When I was a not-go-great high school swimmer in the spring of 1970, he took an interest in me and gave my dad, my swim coach and me a personal tour of Yale.

Yale was not well-prepared for the arrival of women athletes when it went coed in 1969, and it was Phil Moriarty who did a lot to pave the way for women's swimming, a fact not well-known.

He allowed this scared little freshman girl to train with the men as the first female competitive swimmer at Yale, and it wasn't until years later that I fully appreciated that honor.

I was also privileged to be a member of the Yale coaching staff as an assistance coach with the women under Ed Bettendorf for two years after I graduated.

It was Phil who told me about the coaching and aquatics director position at Sweet Briar College in Virginia as

he was a consultant when they built the pool there in 1977. I was offered and accepted the position, and in 1979, I married Charles Kestner, the man who designed the pool. We raised two beautiful children, and I have been teaching and coaching at Sweet Briar for 35 years.

On a side note, I discovered recently that because of Phil, I am even in the International Swimming Hall of Fame ... as the model in the diagram of the Moriarty Backstroke Starting Block!

In Ellen's words, Phil "had an eye and a talent for seeing what wasn't always known to all. He saw potential beyond that of the individual and then sought to bring it out, slowly, by building one's confidence."

In Phil's later years, we kept in contact and I was touched by his dedication to writing books of poetry to raise funds for Yale Swimming and Diving. I purchased almost all, and he inscribed and autographed some of them.

In *Towling Off*, he wrote:

*To my Bonnie: 1973-74 Captain. Your leadership and skills as the first in Yale's Swimming history has been the model, followed through the years. We are grateful to you.*

On the dedication pages of *Tides Out*, he wrote:

*Bonnie, every day I thank God for my wonderful friends, and you lead my list. Love ya, Phil.*

Phil had such close personal relationships with many of his former swimmers, divers and colleagues. He made

everyone feel special. His greatest contribution was perhaps these relationships, his integrity and strong character and his significant impact on our lives.

Here are a few words from a couple of his poems that have special meaning for me.

From *Tide's Out* (p. 13):

***Another Thing Where There Are Two Sides***

*There must be "Another."  
Life offers all three  
A short life, a long life, and the other.  
In the "Another" is how you spend your life.  
It is there for all to see, your middle part.  
What you do with it counts.  
It will show who you were.  
Don't waste it.  
Protect and Cherish.*

Phil made his life count. He never quit. He wanted to keep contributing.

In another of his poems, ***People Come and Go***, he says (and I am excerpting a few lines):

*Some come, they stay, bonding forms ... they become your friends and you become theirs ... we are stronger for it.*

Thank you, Phil, for being my mentor and friend. I consider it a great blessing to have known and been helped by you, and I AM stronger for it.

The pounding of a bamboo pole in bodybuilding, the many laps, the *Splashes*, are all washed away.

What remains is ... our life with God in eternity. God-willing, I hope to see you there someday, Phil

## **Remembering Grandpa**

*Phipps Moriarty (Grandson) '89*

Good Morning. I'm Philip E. Moriarty II, Yale Class of 1989, or "Phipps" as I am nicknamed because there are too many Phils and Philips in the family.

As I contemplated what I wanted to say about Phil this morning, two paths emerged. I could take the humorous route, regaling you with stories like my grandmother's and his dual tombstone which Phil had made after Phyllis had died in 1980. It read:

"Phyllis Moriarty 1916-1980 Philip E. Moriarty 1914-19\_\_"

Or various Florida hurricane stories of riding out storms in his car parked next to the local bank's vault wall because that wall wouldn't collapse.

Or only turning on his cell phone to make outbound calls and then shutting it off, forcing Dad, Richard or Ellen to fly down to Florida and be greeted by Phil asking "What the hell are you doing here?"

Or the story that Dave Paterson, Yale's former golf coach shared with me this April about a toilet that Phil was using in a castle on a golf trip to Ireland that decided it would channel its inner Old Faithful while he was sitting on it.

Or I could take a moment to reflect on the connections he and I shared over nearly five decades.

Experts claim your earliest memories that can be retained start when we are roughly 5 years old. Mine is from about 2 years of age at the St. Louis Country Club, with an empty red and yellow gas can tied around me, being hurled into the deep end of a freezing cold pool by none other than my grandfather. Years later, I remember thumbing through the “Father and Son” swimming book he authored and thinking I had no dry land practice on an ironing board, no coddling in the shallow end of the pool. Just straight to deep water. And, it worked.

As I grew older, I was blessed to attend a summer camp in Raymond, Maine named *Timanous*. Back in the mid 1950’s, an English teacher from Deerfield Academy named John Suitor approached Phil about becoming his water front director at the Camp he owned in Maine; *Timanous*. While Phil already had a summer job in St. Louis and respectfully declined Johnny’s offer, he thought enough of *Timanous* to recommend it to his grandchildren. My brother Brooks and I so enjoyed the experience and influence of *Timanous* that some 60 years after John Suitor’s offer to Phil, my sons Jay and Brian, and Brooks’ sons Conor, Liam and Emmet, and my sister’s son Christopher all attend *Timanous*. And Brooks now holds the job of water front director, the same position that Phil was offered.

I was blessed while as an undergrad at Yale to connect with Phil not in the pool, or Mory’s, Rudy’s, Archie Moore’s or a variety of other watering holes, but on the golf course. Because golf had become a passion of Phil’s, and my roommate Justin Shanley was captain of the golf team, I had numerous opportunities to play with Phil.

And lastly, later on in his life, I was able to share a few of Phil's birthdays with him in Florida. His birthdays were always particularly special for our family as my sister Katie's birthday is the same day.

So while I can't attribute my height, my love of lacrosse or hunting, or interests in certain aforementioned New Haven watering holes to Phil, he did influence the person I became more than he ever knew.

Thanks Grandpa.

## **St. Louis Remembrance**

*Ellen Schlafly Shafer*

I am 71 years old and I am very proud of my freestyle stroke. Thank you, Phil Moriarty.

My lifelong love of swimming is a direct result of my years in the swimming classes taught by Phil at the St. Louis Country Club for more than 30 summers beginning in 1946.

Starting with three and four year olds who had one gallon tin cans strapped to their backs with clothesline, and extending to Olympic prospect divers who came with him from Yale, Phil taught each of us as if we were his only student.

Literally thousands of us were taught to swim and dive ... Freestyle, backstroke, breaststroke, butterfly, back dive, jackknife, swan dive, in daily lessons.

Phil developed a competitive swimming and diving program at the St. Louis County Club with meets with other clubs. By the way, his salary when he started just after World War II was \$50.00 a month ... with room and board.

Memories are intense and stories are plentiful of learning to swim under the watchful eye of the master. We had no idea how lucky we were. We were so focused on how cold the water was in the refrigerated pool and so busy protesting the inhuman widths and lengths he made us swim. We knew our pre-teen moans and whines were to no avail. Phil was a combination of a genial uncle and a prison warden. He barked commands at children of the most prestigious families in the city with egalitarian gusto. Future Veiled Prophet Queens were obliged to jump into the cold water with everyone else.

“No, don’t let her get away with that,” he said to me when one particularly high profile girl was balking at doing her part and I offered to take her place.

His teaching style ... executed with his blue hat and Chesterfield cigarette dangling from his mouth ... had elements of shock and awe.

The first shock was the cold water ... so cold that Phil’s successor wore a wet suit. My cousin, David Schlafly, a student in the sixties has a vivid recollection of this technique. Phil saw David’s father on a rare swim and said, “Bob, your son, David, has really come along.” “With that he swept me up under an arm,” David said, and “walked quickly to the deep end, the really cold deep end and launched me in, no can strapped around my stomach. Under I went, peering through diffused water at the supremely confident Phil ... I could now swim.” Phil did not soften his teaching style in his later years. Jim McConnell remembers Phil taking his four-year-old daughter, Kitty, in the mid-seventies, up the ladder to the high diving board and dropping her into the water. He then said, “I want you to do it again.” Kitty climbed up the ladder and went

to the end of the board, looked at the water, and walked back on the board; and who was coming up the ladder, but Phil. The lesser of two evils was to jump off the high diving board!

Phil's dazzling smile and humor somewhat mitigated the harshness of his commands to us adolescent girls. Another huge motivating factor was the presence of the glamorous lifeguards from Yale, the divers whom Phil was training. We teenage girls all wanted them to notice us.

One especially nice lifeguard was Phil's son, our Phil Moriarty, who has been a dear friend to our family since we reconnected a mere thirty years ago!

Reflecting on those memorable summers in the fifties, I can hear the rustle of the leaves of the large shade trees by the pool deck and feel the refreshing splash of a dive into the cool, clear water during those sticky summer days and nights. The sliced chicken sandwich on white bread with Durkees dressing was memorable but, Phil was the engine that powered the summertime life at the swimming pool of the St. Louis Country Club from 1946-1978.

May he rest in peace.

## **Eulogy**

*Ed Bettendorf '70*

Many years ago, when I first began thinking about what I would say here, I decided then, and now, to address myself primarily to Phil's family, as follows:

Now he is gone from us—from us, his teams, his colleagues, and his associates—as well as from you, his family

and friends. Now, for the first time, our loss is your loss; the one you have long known. We, whose success required his being with us to teach, to counsel, to motivate, to listen to us—in short, to do all that he did for and with us (and which gift and giving remain in us all these many years after our swimming careers ended)—now we are as nearly lost, in losing him, as you have often, if not always, been, having lost him many times before.

No, I speak not in riddles. Rather, I speak an unspoken and unwelcome truth about this man's life. His success, which he made our success—and on which our success depended—required your losing him. I have no doubt that he was a worthy brother, husband, father, friend. But I know too that, in the prime of his profession, he spent more time with us (away from you), than with you (away from us). It was the nature of his work and his calling; his job and his duty. More than most careers, his (coaching) was a jealous and demanding one. Now, at last like you, he is gone from and for us. We feel your loss like never before.

Of course, we can never really know or feel your loss. If we could, we would, with Emerson, strive “to take from you a share of your distress, or relieve you of the whole.” But we cannot—because we now suffer, if not the same, a quite similar loss as you. We mourn with you—more than ever.

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What is the measure of Philip Edward Moriarty? It rests in each of us who knew and loved him. In the fond, fond memories we have of his always being there when and where we needed him most—and not just at poolside but, again, in all aspects of our lives. It also rests in his work in the world

(outside of us). I once estimated (with his help) that, in his nearly forty-five years of service, he taught or at least played a direct role in teaching over 15,000 people how to swim. He did that by physically attending to that many individuals. (There, not incidentally, is further proof of your long-standing loss to which I just referred.)

I do not include in this estimate the additional hundreds, more likely the additional thousands, whom he taught by and through his writings and films. His 1970 book, *Father and Son Swimming Book (and for Mothers & Daughters Too!)*, is a tribute to his widespread appeal. By the way, his other book, *Springboard Diving* (1959), which illustrates the depth and reach of his coaching abilities, remains one of the leading texts in its field. Take a look at his International Swimming Hall of Fame display at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, or rather the achievements of his career that put him there—in coaching both swimming and diving at the national and international levels; in officiating and rules-making in both sports during their major years of development in the 1950's; in inventing the Moriarty backstroke starting block; and otherwise in advancing the sports he loved—and you will see ample evidence of his expansive outreach and contribution in full measure.

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I myself was blessed with a glimpse into that part of his life that his athletes, colleagues, and associates did not always or easily see. As his assistant in the early 1970's, when he would sometimes give me a ride home from work, I had occasion to go with him to his mother's apartment on Park Street; his mother, then in her 90's, whom he visited daily and

whom he loved dearly. He was often rushed, but he was ever attentive to these visits. She treasured them. I once told some of you—at his 95<sup>th</sup> Birthday here in New Haven a few years ago—that before he was a great coach, before he was a fine brother, husband, father, and friend, Phil was a good and loving son. That, I submit, is what made him so well suited to his role as our coach and counselor.

In our five years of professional association (and otherwise), I often heard him speak lovingly, and with just pride, of his wife Phyllis' love, intelligence, wisdom, and support; and of his children's abilities and accomplishments—you three, Philip, Richard, Ellen: "two Aces and Queen," as he once so aptly described you. No celebration of Phil's long, productive life would be complete without our acknowledging and thanking you for sharing your father with us. To me he spoke plainly and honestly about his own many strengths and his few weaknesses. I loved him and he loved me, first as a coach, then as a mentor, then as a colleague, and finally—as a brother. "*He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.*" (Hamlet Iii)

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In his after-Yale years—as you know he retired in 1976 (an entire career-length of time ago!)—he took up a whole new profession: That of poet. He became devoted to a life of the mind. This was a fitting way to carry on the pursuit of excellence that characterized his long tenure, experience, and achievement at Yale. Yes, he wrote ten books of poetry, nearly all of which he sold to raise money for Yale Swimming. What did he write about? As I said in the introduction to one of his later books of poetry, *Musings on a Boring Cruise*, he wrote

about himself, as any writer worth reading inevitably does. I also said this:

*He gives us a “snapshot” of his life in every piece. We see in his work his loyalty, determination, wit, strength, and faith. Drawing us in with humility, he gives us glimpses of an existence well and truly blessed.*

True, his poetry was not great literature; but what of that? It met and exceeded his needs. It fulfilled his desire to stay alert and active in the world. It kept him close to what he always called this “long and illustrious tradition,” this beloved “enterprise [of Yale Swimming] that we all hold so dear.” Would that we, when time and age overtake us, can do the same.

Here, as in so much else, he was an outstanding role model for us all!

So may I say, with and for each of us, well done, and thank you, good and gentle man. We will long remember you. We hope, in this fullness of time, to remain true to your careful, generous examples and lessons. And to God alone be the glory!

## To Coach

*(as read by Jay Moriarty, Great Grandson)*

As I matured, decisions had to be made.  
To select a career I was not afraid.  
To enter business I had no call.  
So, I opted to coach,  
Where I could work with youngsters and give my all.  
I will train, magnify their talents,  
And hopefully inspire.  
I demonstrate meaningful toughness,  
Insist they realize their major responsibility is education.  
Demand habits, leading to good health.  
A work hard attitude, to improve their skills.  
Encourage sportsmanship, and the value of teamwork.  
I strived to develop character, dignity, and integrity.  
When they move on in life, and succeed,  
Hopefully they will say I played a part.  
If so, it gives me something to lean on.  
Many write, call, and visit when in town,  
In retirement, I look back and say,  
“What happened so long ago, repays me every day.”

PEM  
12.21.96

# Bright College Years

Words by H.S. Durand, 1881; Music by Carl Wilhelm

*Bright college years with pleasure rife,  
The shortest, gladdest years of life;  
How swiftly are ye gliding by!  
Oh, why does time so quickly fly!*

*The seasons come, the seasons go,  
The earth is green or white with snow,  
But time and change shall naught avail  
To break the friendships formed at Yale.*

*In after-years, should troubles rise  
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,  
How bright will seem through mem'ry's haze,  
Those Happy, golden, by-gone days!*

*Oh, let us strive that ever we  
May let these words our watchcry be,  
Where'er upon Life's seas we sail:  
"For God, for Country, and for Yale!"*

## Ushers

Brian Moriarty (Great Grandson)  
Conor Moriarty (Great Grandson)  
Grace Moriarty (Granddaughter)  
Jack Moriarty (Grandson)

The Family invites you to join them for a reception immediately following the service at:

THE GRADUATE CLUB  
155 Elm Street